

# Good Morning

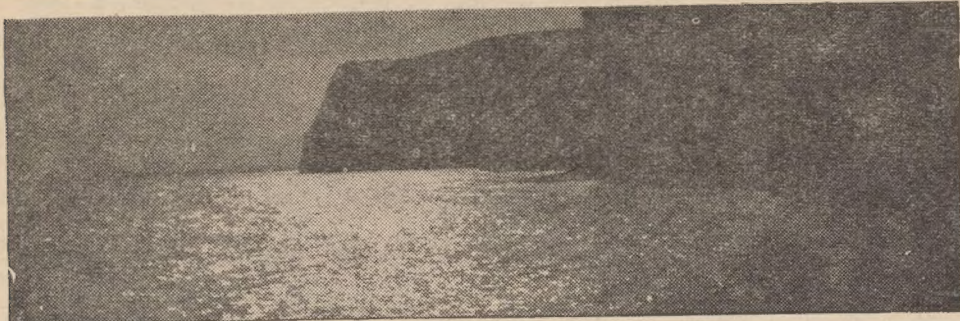
532

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

MAURICE  
BENSLEY  
TALKS  
ABOUT

## STRANGE PLACES CALLED CHURCH

### Beneath The Surface



MARE Nostrum! Mare Nostrum! The words kept running around my mind the other evening like a cat scrambling around a cage.

Of course, you know the words. They appeared first, I believe, as the title of a novel. Then Mussolini took them up. Our Sea! Our Sea! He meant that the Mediterranean belonged to Italy. "Mare Nostrum! Nice! Tunis! Corsica!" You remember the cry the Italians made about what they wanted.

Thinking of the Mediterranean, where some of you boys have probably been recently, the cat stopped running around and stayed put; for by that peculiar reaction called "association of ideas" I remembered being told one of the most vivid stories of adventure in this Mare Nostrum (OUR sea now) that ever happened.

It is a story of personal triumph and courage that will last for all time.

We can pick up this epic on board a ship under sail, well found, with a good seaman as master and a proper crew, some days out from Alexandria for Italy. There were 276 souls aboard, including many prisoners, the most important being a man under special supervision of an Army officer, and he was being taken, at his own request, to answer a charge of treason. The evidence was to be sent from Jerusalem to Rome by another route.

He was a remarkable individual, this prisoner—sturdy built, medium sized, slightly bow-legged, a somewhat hairy man, very self-reliant and confident. From what I can gather, he was a sick man, probably suffering from malaria or one of the maladies that afflict people in the Near East. He was a Jew.

Whatever the master and crew of the vessel thought about this prisoner, there is no doubt that his personality impressed them.

For instance, when they were sailing close to Crete a gale sprang up, and they made the shelter of the shore; but, the wind dying down later, the master decided to continue his voyage. The prisoner spoke up.

#### ADVICE REFUSED.

He advised that the ship should remain in her safe anchorage; but he was overruled, and they went out into the open sea again. Hardly had they done so when they were struck by another gale, and this time it was a snorter.

They were tossed about, had to haul down the sails, and were driven under bare poles. The gale increased.

#### With AL MALE

They threw most of the cargo overboard to lighten the vessel.

The master lost track of his course, for neither the sun nor the stars were visible in the howling tempest. There was a danger of the ship striking on one of the many low-lying sandbanks. To prevent her breaking her back, the crew slung ropes under her, and sheets, too.

It was a pretty sticky affair, and when things were at their worst and the ship's company expected they would never see land again the prisoner stood up and told the master a few truths.

"If you had stayed in Crete," he said, "you would have been safe, but you wouldn't listen to me. But now, I tell you not to lose heart. We will be cast on an island, we will lose the ship, but we will all be saved."

"How do you know?" asked the skipper.

"I saw it in a dream," was the strange reply.

And the remarkable fact was that it came true. The vessel was blown to Malta, and one midnight the crew cast soundings. They found twenty fathoms. A few minutes later they found fifteen fathoms. And then the vessel struck.

#### SECOND WARNING.

The crew were about to take to the boats and leave the prisoners and the soldiers, but again the chief prisoner spoke up.

"If everybody stays on board," he said to the officer in charge of him, "everybody will be saved. Otherwise, those who go in the boats will be lost."

The officer gave orders for his soldiers to cut the ropes holding the boats and let them drift.

When morning broke they spied a creek and got the ship in, but the sea smashed up the stern, leaving only the bows fast in a cleft in the rocks.

The entire ship's company and the prisoners got ashore by floating, or swimming, on pieces of wreckage.

When they were ashore, this remarkable prisoner collected some sticks and lit a fire (nobody else seems to have thought of this), and as he bent down to assist the flames a viper slid out from under the sticks and fastened on his hand.

Now, everyone of that shipwrecked company expected the man to drop dead, for a viper's bite has no cure. Instead of that the prisoner simply shook the snake off and stirred up the fire.

The onlookers were amazed at his coolness. They watched for his hand and arm to swell up and for him to collapse. He didn't collapse, and his hand didn't swell. He just went on making his companions as comfortable as possible.

The shipwrecked company were found by the Maltese, who treated them very well. One of the officials of Malta, whose name was Publius, was particularly decent.

It turned out that Publius's father was very ill; and, to the wonder of everybody, the strange prisoner cured him by touching him!

#### IDENTITY REVEALED.

Well, after other adventures the company got a ship to take them to Italy; and when the prisoner landed under guard of the officer it was found that no charge had arrived against him—and no charge ever did arrive, so he was freed, since the charge against him collapsed.

Of course, you know the name of this strange adventurer who was a prisoner. His name was Paul; and you will find details of this sea epic in the Acts of the Apostles.

Cheerio and good hunting.

### ANOTHER THOUGHT

Purity is the feminine,  
Truth the masculine, of  
Honour.

Augustus Hare  
(1792-1834).

My mind's my kingdom.  
Christopher Harvey  
(1545-1630).

If, of all words of tongue  
and pen,  
The saddest are, "It might  
have been,"  
More sad are these we daily  
see:  
"It is, but hadn't ought to  
be!"

Bret Harte.

The love of liberty is the  
love of others; the love of  
power is the love of our-  
selves.

William Hazlitt  
(1778-1830).

When every blessed thing  
you hold  
Is made of silver, or of gold,  
You long for simple pew-  
ter.

W. S. Gilbert.

SUBMARINERS have their own church, almost every bit of it given or built by seamen, as "Good Morning" has already revealed, but you would be surprised at some of the odd places which are doing service as rendezvous for worship.

Services are held at Winterbourne Tomson, Dorset, in an old building with "horsebox" pews which was once used by a local farmer as a hen-house.

Just outside Reigate, Surrey, is an old windmill which efficiently serves the immediate neighbourhood as a place of worship. With altar, chairs, and appropriate decorations, the old mill makes a most attractive—and popular—little church.

The chapel at Lynch, near Porlock, used to serve as a barn. Though still attached to a farmhouse, it has now been commissioned as a place of worship.

One of the oddest conversions from secular to religious uses is the church at Seaton Sluice, Northumberland. Originally the old brewery house, when it fell into disuse for the brewing of beer it became both chapel and church. The two congregations meet under the same roof, separated only by a wall, and both services proceed smoothly, amicably, starting and finishing at the same times.

Greensted, Ongar, boasts a log-cabin church. First built entirely of oak logs, much of the original structure of this Essex curiosity still remains as a tribute to the enduring quality of oak and the labour of old-time craftsmen.

#### DOWN ON THE FARM.

The vicar of the little church of Withersdale, Suffolk, is a tolerant man. He has to be, for the church can only be reached through a farmyard, and punctuality often depends on the numbers and temper of the animals in the yard. Locals call it the Farmyard Church.

A cowshed at Bordon, Hants, has been turned into a church, and fitted with an organ, electric light and central heating.



St. Govan's Church.

A church in Islington, London, was for years a furniture depository; and a small gardener's potting shed in Applegarth Lane, Bridlington, is now a Baptist chapel.

Originally a stable, a Roman Catholic chapel at Mottingham, Kent, afterwards housed the overflow from a local pub. Someone then took it over as a hairdressing saloon; now it's a church.

I have a recollection of another building which was once a pilgrim's lodge. Over a long period, it then, I was told, became successively village bakery, lumber house, the headquarters of some notorious highwayman, ending up as a chapel.

#### A FEW SMALLS.

It is claimed for Lullington Church that it is the smallest in Sussex; Some say it's the smallest in England; it won't hold more than a dozen worshippers.

It has a near rival in the tiny cliff chapel of St. Govan's, Pembroke. Said to have been the retreat of the hermit knight, St. Gawain, and accessible from the road only by steps hewn out of a rocky cleft, this diminutive chapel is

barely fifteen feet by nine.

What must actually be the smallest church in the world is one built by a 70-year-old monk in Guernsey. He worked on it for over forty years. One of his novel masterpieces is a tiny but beautiful altar, made from thousands of pieces of broken china donated by the people of Guernsey. Six persons is a crowd in this tiny church.

Another is the Anchor Church of Foremark, Derbyshire. In a charming hill-and-tree setting, it was hewn out of the solid cliff face on the bank of the River Trent by an anchorite who wanted to serve a self-imposed penance for seducing a friend's wife while that unsuspecting comrade was abroad on his country's service.

Several churches serve other functions beside that of a place of worship. St. Botolph's (Boston) 280-foot tower, known locally as "The Stump," is a landmark visible over the whole of the Northern Fens. Its octagonal top housed a lantern to guide wanderers on sea and fens.

#### FOR THOSE IN PERIL . . .

Overlooking the seaside resort of Minehead is another church that has many a time fulfilled the role of beacon. Because of the church's commanding position, two windows facing the sea were installed in the turret to function as a primitive lighthouse.

There is a French canal on which are floating churches, converted from barges. Fitted with altars and pews, these are the barge-men's chapels. On the Argentine river of Parana there are "floating cathedrals," one of which has all the proper accompaniments—bell, steeple, stained-glass windows. It will accommodate some 500 worshippers.

Czechoslovakia has a church down a mine—a salt mine.

There are chapels even in trees. A famous 1,200-year-old oak at Allouville-Bellefosse, near Rouen, boasts two. They are carved into the tree, and though they're very small, services are held in them twice a year. A wooden stairway surrounds the oak and leads to the second chapel, which contains a statue of the Virgin Mary, presented by the Empress Eugenie.

But perhaps the oddest rendezvous for worship in the world are the 1,001 churches of Cappadocia, Turkey, each housed in its own rock cone.

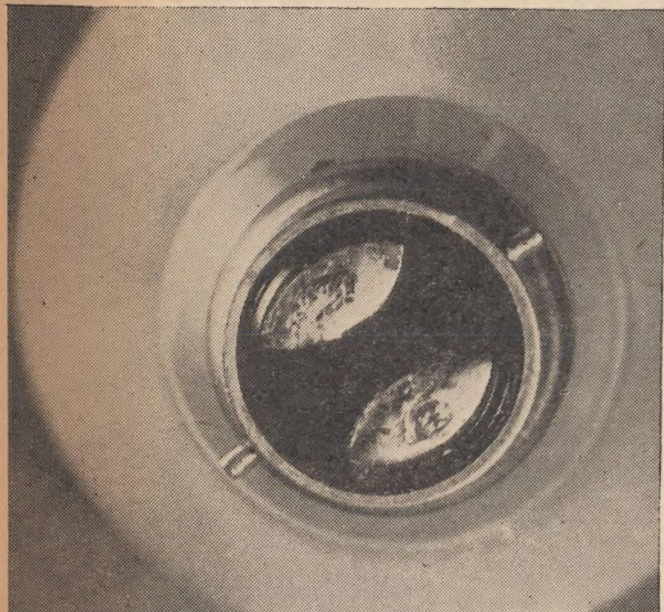
In Canada recently they actually transferred a church, lock, stock and barrel, from one village to another. Without dislodging an inch of plaster or a single brick, the entire church, complete with spire, was moved without mishap seven miles to a spot near Moncton, New Brunswick.

### You bring your own chairs at Lullington Church.





# SUNDAY FARE



## WHAT IS IT?

Here's this week's picture puzzle. Last week's was plates in a plate rack.

## MOUNTAIN, WOOD AND COUNTRYSIDE

By Fred Kitchen

## HE WAS A VERY FRIENDLY SWAN

THE mill-dam was frozen over, and though the miller had broken the ice for the accommodation of his ducks, those wise birds had preferred the shelter of the stackyard to the delights of swimming in an ice-bound pool.

The only occupant of the mill-dam was the swan. He, too, felt the cold, and hid himself at the farthest end of the dam, amongst the bushes and reeds growing on the bank.

Evidently he felt lonely, and missed the friendly gabble of the ducks, for, though he had a lordly contempt for ducks as a rule, he came waddling down into

They got in first bite, taking him by surprise, and hissed and booed him into a corner by the barn.

The swan then reared himself up to his full height, and, like a destroying angel, fell upon the geese with wings outstretched. He bowled them over like "nine-pins," and the geese, unable to withstand his mighty wings, withdrew behind the corn-stacks.

The swan returned to the ducks, now huddled in alarm under the cart-shed. He treated them on quite a different footing, and seemed only to want their companionship. Gone was the arrogance and swagger that had prevented any



the stackyard one morning in search of his old companions.

No doubt he was hungry, too, for even amongst the thick reeds the mud was frozen and neither frog nor fish could be found to appease his appetite.

The ducks "bobbed" their heads at his lordly, yet ungainly, approach, and gazed doubtfully at each other.

However, they were quite willing to overlook any slights they had suffered in the past, and the swan, having lost his pride and arrogance, was invited to join in their party, searching amongst the chaff and litter for any treasure that might turn up.

Only once did they show any alarm, and that was when four geese came trooping round the corner of the barn and spotted their new companion. The geese stood a moment, gazing in surprise at this monstrous fowl—then, with a shrill scream, rushed in to attack.

familiarity on the mill-dam.

Every morning while the frost held he came down into the stackyard, as though his greatest delight was the companionship of ducks. The ducks treated him with deference and respect, after the manner of all well-behaved ducks, and bobbed and curtsied a welcome at his coming.

Then the thaw came, and the mill-dam was navigable for ducks. At the far end, the swan was sailing majestically in all the glory of white sails puffed out.

The friendly ducks, glad of the better relationship which had come about with their over-lord of the water, swam across to pay their respects. They were hustled imperiously away, they were presumptuous, gabbling ducks, and, besides, the frost had gone.

Keeping to their own end of the water, the ducks passed loud-voiced opinions on the base ingratitude of "over-lords."

# AREN'T PEOPLE ODD?

## THE WILD BOY

By D. N. K. BAGNALL

AN honest old burgher, walking in the woods of Hamelin, North Germany, one day in the year 1725, came across a curious animal beneath the trees.

It looked human, but it ran about on all fours, climbed trees as swiftly as a squirrel, and ate moss and grass.

Thus was Peter the Wild Boy, who later caused a sensation in England, discovered. He was then about thirteen years old.

How he got into the woods, who his parents were, and how he managed to keep alive, were never known. Peter only made animal sounds, and even when he was taught to speak a little he could never give an account of his early years.

Peter was taken to see George I, who was at that time at Hanover, and the King directed that he should be looked after and taught the habits of polite society.

Apparently, Peter preferred the society of the beasts of the woodlands, for he escaped to them and took refuge in a high tree.

It didn't do him much good. They took saws and axes and cut the tree down, and the Wild Boy fell into their hands again.

Early in the next year he was brought to England, where he was taken to Court and inspected by members of the nobility. The King again took an interest in him. He was given fine foods to eat—but he preferred raw meat. He was given a soft bed, but preferred to curl up in a corner of the room.

The only thing he really enjoyed in this amazing new world was fine clothes. Nothing gave him more delight than to strut about dressed in the fashions of the day.

### THE FARMER'S BOY.

All attempts to teach Peter to talk were in vain, and when the Court had tired of his antics, George I. gave him a pension and sent him to live at a farm near London.

Here the Wild Boy lived a carefree life. He had learned to walk upright, to eat raw cabbage and leaves when raw meat was unobtainable, and to observe some of the elementary conventions of the civilised world.

But he still retained his skill at climbing trees, and he neighed like a horse to express pleasure at anything.

During the early years of his captivity the Wild Boy attempted to escape from his guardians, but after wandering about for days, either returned to his farm or was taken back.

One of these escapades was at the time of the Scottish Rebellion of 1745. As he was unable to talk, he did not reply to questions put to him by suspicious villagers who took him for a spy from Scotland. He was in danger of his life, but it so happened that a woman who had seen him during his London days recognised him, and he was sent home.

### ATE ROOTS AND GRASS.

On these excursions Peter used to live on berries, roots, grass and leaves of vegetables. No doubt he was glad to get back to the better fare his wanderlust had led him to forsake.

In those days he was noted for his strength, although he was only about 5ft. 3in. in height, and none of the young men of the district in which he lived cared to wrestle with more than once.

He was put to a school in Hertfordshire, but never rose from the position of dunce. The only words he learned to speak were his own name and the name of the King.

As he grew older, however, he picked up a good deal from

the people around him, and readily understood anything that was said to him.

A writer who visited him when Peter was about seventy years old remarked on his fitness. By then he was living on another farm and taking a hand with the farm work. But an eye had to be kept on him.

One day he was helping the farmer to load manure into a cart. His master had to go into the house, and left Peter at the job. Having finished loading the cart, Peter saw no reason why he should not be as usefully employed emptying the cart as he had before been in filling it. When the farmer returned he found the cart nearly emptied again.

When Peter first came to England his only drink was water. All through his life he was fond of drinking large quantities of it after meals, but he had learned more convivial habits, too.

For a glass of gin he would do anything asked of him, and he acquired a taste for beer. People of a town near his farm knew his weakness for spirits, and sometimes amused themselves by standing him drinks, until he rolled back home, full of good cheer.

Another of his curious habits was eating raw onions as if they were apples.

His experiences as a wild boy of the woods left him amazingly sensible to changes in the weather. The farmer and his wife always knew when bad weather was to be expected because Peter would start howling and groaning.

### MOONEY.

The seasons, too, affected him. In spring he would go about singing all day long—and half the night—if the sky were clear. He spent hours watching the moon and the stars.

Winter sent him cowering over the fire. If he were not watched, he would pile on the wood as high as the fireplace would allow, and even in summer, when the fire was used for brewing ale, he would sit in front of a blaze enough to make an ordinary person faint.

He got a good deal of pleasure in setting five or six chairs in front of the fire and moving to them each in turn.

Cold or gloomy days made him bad-tempered, but he rarely got angry. When he did get angry with anyone, he would run after him, making a growling noise, with his teeth fixed in the back of his own hand. The only damage he ever did—and it was in the first years of his living in England—was in an occasional battle with his bedclothes. Sometimes they would be found torn to bits in the morning.

### GOOD OLD AGE.

A strange creature, living in a world of his own, Peter was lucky not to have become a freak-show for the sensation-lovers of his age. Instead, he lived out his life in as happy a condition as any eighteenth-century countryman. He was seventy-three when he died.

### DO YOU KNOW?

ENGLAND is not subject to gold rushes, yet about £5,000,000's worth has been mined south of the Tweed. Most of it came from Wales, and was dug by the Romans, but gold valued at £370,000 was mined near Dolgelly between 1880 and 1911. In 1936 eighty men were working the Carmarthenshire mines, and making them pay, and in the same year a deposit of alluvial gold was discovered beneath a house at Warrington.

## THE BALLOON-BOY

By WEBSTER FAWCETT

YOU all understand balance. But here's a baffler. It concerns Reynard Beck, who leapt quickly from his bed one day, and—of all the tall stories!—found himself too light to stand properly.

He was, in fact, treading air, an inch from the floor. He tried to sit down. To his horror, there was an inch of space between the chair and himself.

Three days previously he had been involved in a train smash, and had been lucky to escape with only bruises and shock. Had his mind given way? A printer by trade, Beck had gone to bed the previous night a normal man, weighing over eleven stone. But now he seemed to weigh nothing.

He found things a little better when he had dressed. Treading warily, he was able to walk down to breakfast without arousing the suspicions of his family. At the first opportunity he went to a chemist's shop and weighed himself.

"I'm sorry," said the chemist, "but my scales must have broken down. They show only ten pounds!"

That night he told his family, and they promptly called in the local doctor. Stripped, Beck proved that he had indeed lost all his weight. He could literally walk the air at a height of about an inch. With slight effort he could raise himself to two feet, and remain at that height, stationary.

The Beck family and their medical adviser were dumbfounded.

But as time went on Beck's extraordinary disability increased. Soon even the weight of his clothes would not suffice to keep him to the ground. He had to wear a leaden belt and walk with the utmost care. The slightest upward muscular effort sent him bounding into the air. When he ate he had to be strapped

to his chair lest he floated away! When he slept, heavy blankets had to be piled upon his body to keep him down!

Beck's brother, who was in the show business, got to hear of what was happening. Unwillingly, Beck gave a demonstration. "That's the best conjuring trick I've ever seen," said his brother. He went into ecstasies at the thought of the fees such a "turn" would earn.

But the vaudeville impresarios refused to believe that the laws of matter had really been set at naught. "Is that your only trick?" they asked. "That's no good. We've plenty of flying angels. . . ."

Beck, who had given up his printing job for the sake of fame and fortune, soon found that life offered him no more than side-shows in a cheap fair-ground.

The audience paid twopence a head to see something that had never happened before on earth, and probably would never happen again. . . .

When they saw Beck reading a book while poised in the air, comfortably sitting on a chair that wasn't there, they looked for the mirrors, imagining it some hoax of reflection.

One unruly audience, when no explanation was forthcoming, smashed up the booth and then threatened to lynch the weightless man. Needless to say, he had no difficulty in making his escape.

Eventually, news of his activities reached the ears of a millionaire interested in psychic activities. In scented seance rooms Beck found a more appreciative audience.

In 1886 Beck sought release from his weird plight. He committed suicide. His case was considered a classic in psychic research circles, and is recorded by the American Society for Psychic Research.

Odd?  
You're  
Tell-  
ing  
Me!



## ? Puzzle Corner ?

### CUBES AND CUBETTES

Imagine you have a cube of wood the measurements of which are exactly the same on all six sides. Now suppose that you saw completely through the middle of the cube from three sides. Then how many smaller cubes, or cubettes, will you have?

### WORD LADDER

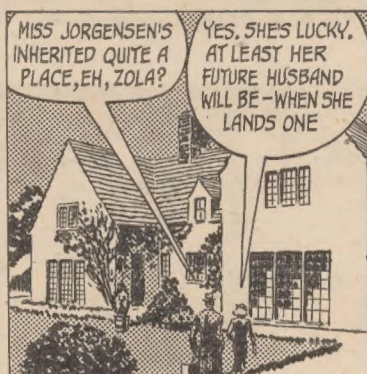
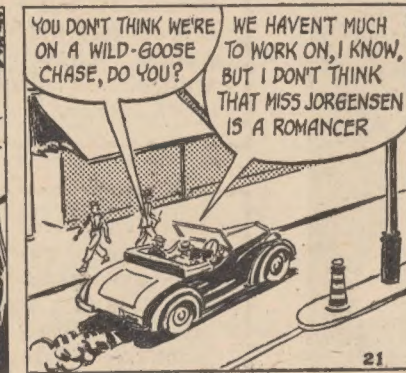
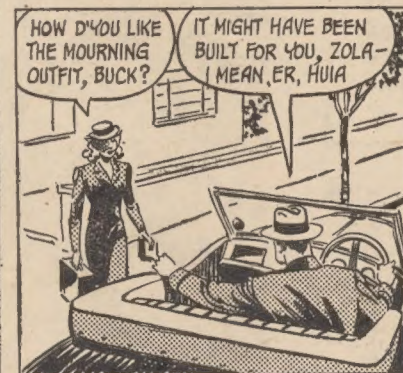
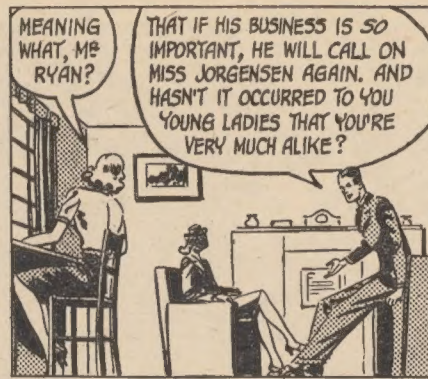
War stamps systematically accumulated are soon changed into War Bonds. But to change the word STAMP into BONDS, changing only one letter at each step to form a new word, requires many steps. It can be done very easily in 24 steps, and not quite so easily in 20 steps. The solution will show how it can be done in 15 steps. See if you can make the change in 15 steps, or even less.

### SOLUTION TO INITIAL CHANGES PUZZLE IN S.31

Weed, need, meed, feed, deed, heed, reed, seed



# BUCK RYAN



# MARVEL WITH MILLIER

DO you know that it was not until 1909 that the standard weights for professional boxing championships were fixed?

There are now eight divisions, and the weights are: Fly-weight, 8st.; bantam-weight, 8st. 6; feather-weight, 9st.; light-weight, 9st. 9; welter-weight, 10st. 7; middle-weight, 11st. 6; light-heavy-weight, 12st. 7; heavy-weight, any weight.

In the old prize-ring days they did not bother about weight. For a fighter to be able to call himself champion he had to be able to beat anybody at any weight.

Later on there were just two distinctions. If a man was not a heavy-weight, he was a light-weight, and that was that. Perfectly simple for the simple folk that took up fighting in those days.

It may seem curious in these times that the average weight of the old knuckle-fighters was round about 10st. Although they are frequently referred to as the "giants of the past," they were by no means giants in the physical sense. We can only conclude that the physique of the nation must have improved tremendously in the last two centuries.

Few of the old ring champions were really big men physically as compared with the heavy-weights of to-day. Tom Sayers, undoubtedly a great champion in his day, weighed only 10st. 6. Jem Mace was 11st. when he became champion.

A fighter of the old days would not have been considered much of a champion if he had argued about conceding weight. To be champion meant just what the word implies—to be king-pin of the lot.

Then came the day, not so very far distant, when they went to the other extreme. There were few recognised divisions, and a boxer would only fight at the weight which best suited him. From the time of having only one champion, that is, the man who could beat all comers at any weight, we came to the time when there were scores of so-called champions. There would be Bill So-and-So calling himself the 9st. 2 champion of England, and his nearest rival would call himself, say, the 9st. 4 champion of England, and so on.

It might almost be said that there were as many "champions" as there were pounds in the hundredweight. Of course, it was an absurd position, but it went on for quite a long time; and as there was no controlling body to alter this ridiculous state of affairs, it explains why it was not until 1909 that the position of rightful championship status became regularised.

I may modestly claim to have had some share in bringing in the standard weight scheme which now rules. Mr. A. J. Bettinson gave a lot of time and energy to this end. As there were no governing bodies for professional boxing in the United States, conditions were just as chaotic in America. In fact, it was really brought to a head there.

Directly a champion became installed he refused to defend his title unless his challenger agreed to fight at some odd weight which either eminently suited the champion or inconvenienced his rival to such an extent that he could only fight below his strength.

There were many notable instances. At one time the bantam-weight title would be held by a man who refused to meet anyone who could not get down to 8st. 4, whereas it may formerly have been held at 8st. 6. Every weight division was treated in the same way—on a sliding scale to suit the champion of the moment.

Without any governing body to enforce compliance with the best principles for the good of the game, it was left to the sporting writers to bring public opinion to bear.

At long last it was agreed between leading lights of the boxing world in both countries to adhere to the weight standard for the various divisions.

This held good for quite a few years, until rival promoters in the United States saw fit to create more champions by introducing what they were pleased to term Junior championships; but they were frowned on in this country, and it is good to see that all attempts to introduce them here have failed.

While for so many years professional boxing champions were a law unto themselves, the amateurs were strictly controlled. Ever since the Amateur Boxing Association was founded in 1880 the amateur side of the game has been jealously guarded, and it has been well conducted.

When the A.B.A. championships were first held in 1881 there were four weight divisions, i.e., feather-weight, 9st. and under; light-weight, 10st. and under; middle-weight, 11st. 4 and under; and heavy-weight. As a consequence, many of the champions were much lighter than some of the men they beat, and many of the heavy-weight champions weighed under 12st.

The A.B.A. added the bantam-weight division in 1884, but it was not until 1920 that the amateurs fell into line with the professionals and recognised the three further weight classes, namely, fly-weight, welter-weight, and light-heavy-weight.

All the A.B.A. championship weights now conform to the standard set out in my first paragraph, and the various other bodies conform, so that we now have a world standard of weight divisions, which is a vast improvement on the old order—or, I should say, disorder.

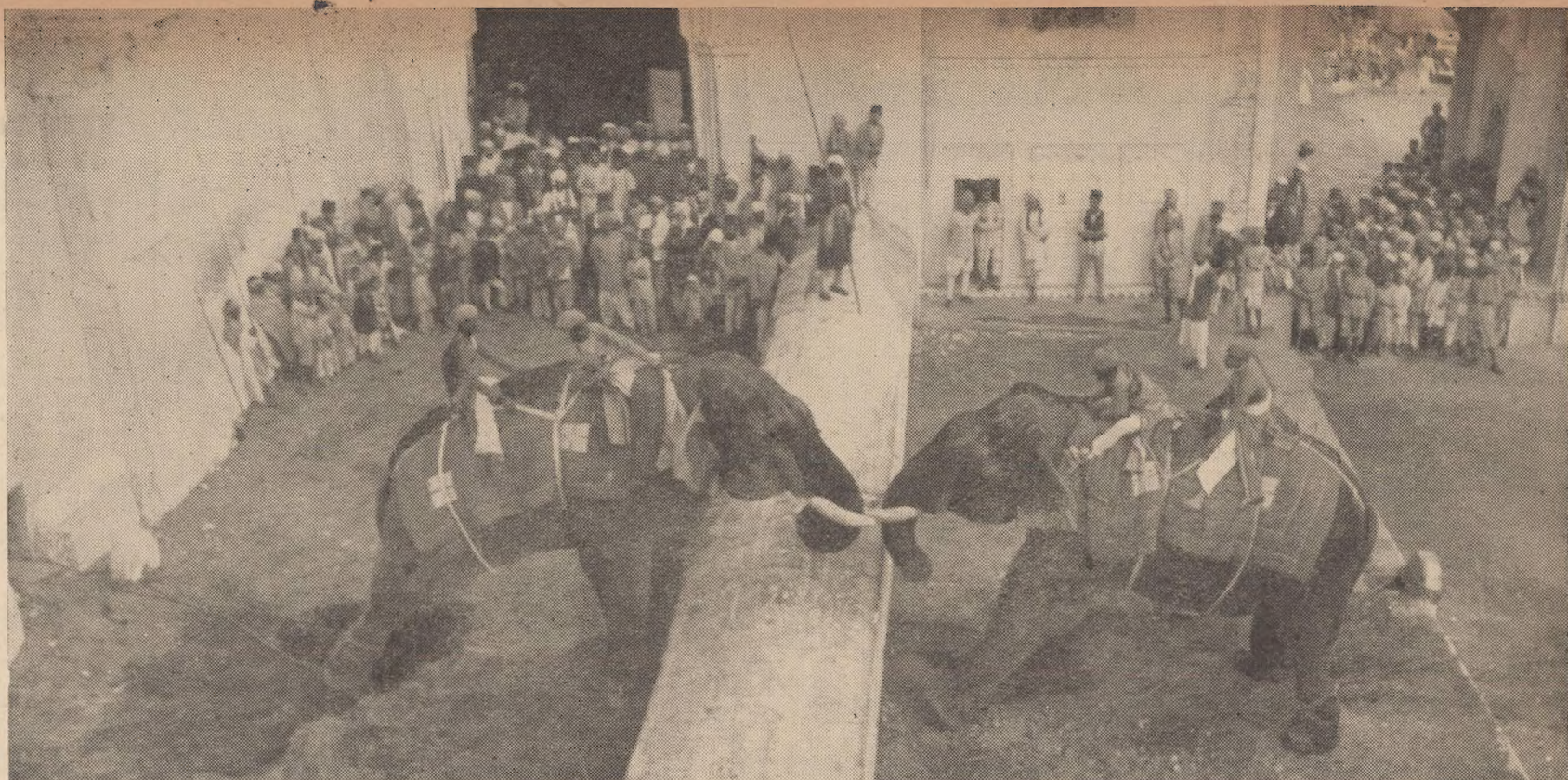
W. H. MILLIER



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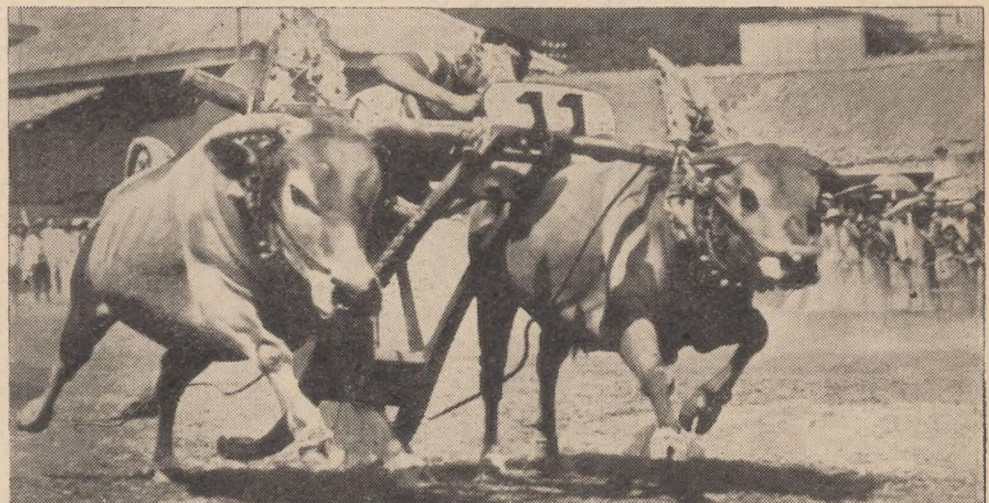
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C/o Press Division,  
Admiralty,  
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## OTHER LANDS MEAN OTHER SPORTS



★ Never seen an elephant fight? The small Indian fellow on the right almost had his head pulled over the wall, but broke free.

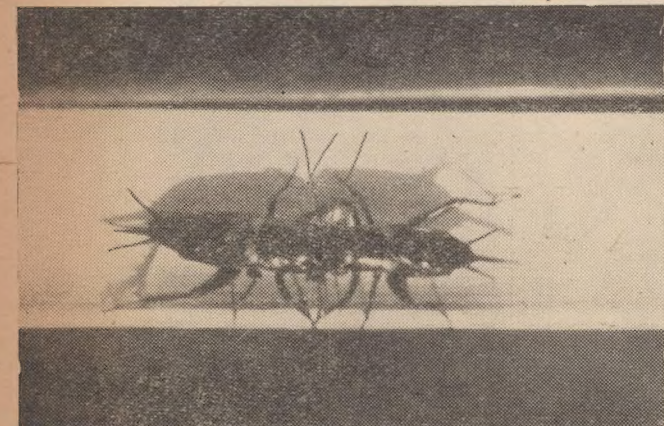
★ Here comes the winning pair—up the straight, with the Java jockey using whip and oath to get a double-bull at first shot.



Tarpon Hunting



★ They run at 30 knots—and what a collision! You hear just a dull thud, and then, these rams of Dutch East Indies go back to their corners awaiting the next thud (dull of course).



★ If you go to Bali, never say you've played cricket—for, these photos show what the bali Bali-ites mean by that term. Above—the fight between the crickets, and right, the bookies doing short-range tick-tacking.

### SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"Give me a mouse hunt"

